

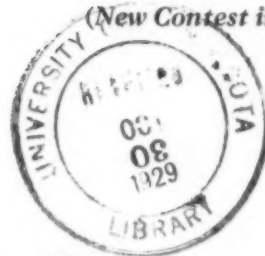
Life

10¢

November 1, 1929

HAVE WOMEN A
SENSE OF HUMOR?

(New Contest in this Issue)



The Artist made no
mistakes in this picture!



CONTACT! Shouts, cheers and gay good-bys . . . yet another high-hearted adventurer takes off on his first "solo" . . . White Rock sky-high in favor wherever men and women breast the blue . . . whether to wing their way alone or enjoy a game of contract bridge in the spacious cabin of a Pan American Airliner . . . chosen to christen planes because its crystal purity does not stain the fabric of the wings nor spot the costume of the fair christener . . . a toast mixed with the same sparkling water greets each new hero on his return to earth . . . and let those of us who have yet to try our wings remember that a glass of bubbling White Rock makes motion sickness a thing of the past.



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White Rock

Bottled at the Springs, Waukesha, Wis.



AMERICA'S SPARKLING WATER



PALE DRY GINGER ALE



The Cord car creates a place for itself
no other car has ever occupied.

CORD FRONT DRIVE

SEDAN \$3095 • BROUGHAM \$3095 • CABRIOLET \$3295 • PHAETON \$3295

Prices: F. O. B. Auburn, Indiana. Equipment other than standard extra

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY • AUBURN, INDIANA



You can break a Waterman's with a sledge - but

you can't harm it with hard work. For every purpose for which a fountain pen is intended, Waterman's functions 100%. Here are a few of the reasons for this letter perfect performance:

The holder of every Waterman's is made of hard rubber—the all-satisfying material for the purpose because it is stainless, strong, light, and feels good in the hand.

It fills easily and its ink capacity is ample for the most exacting requirements.

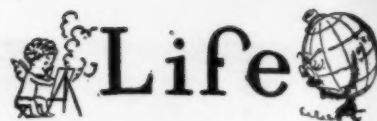
Because of its high quality, Waterman's ink completes the satisfaction of a Waterman's Fountain Pen.

Ask any dealer to show you Waterman's No. 7 and select the point that best suits your style of writing.

Guaranteed forever against all defects

Waterman's

THE CHOICE OF THE WORLD'S MILLIONS



November 1, 1929

Vol. 94

Number 2452

Published by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
598 Madison Avenue, New York
CHARLES DANA GIBSON, Chairman of the Board
CLARE MAXWELL, President
LANGHORNE GIBSON, Vice-President
HENRY A. RICHTER, Secretary-Treasurer
NORMAN ANTHONY, Editor
PHILIP ROSA, Managing Editor

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No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected. All communications should be addressed to LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

Yearly Subscription Rate, \$5.00 (United States and Canada), Foreign, \$6.60.

Jumping at Conclusions

Note—When reading a story that breaks over to another page, include the "continued" line—and see what you get!

Hajj Amin Hussini, the grand mufti, was alleged to have refused on the grounds that the Moslems were still too excited and furious to turn to page 5, column 2.

—San Francisco News.

This girl had been deprived, by her family's poverty, of everything that makes life continued on page 126.

—Harper's Bazar.

Yes, the prisoner was caught while attempting escape, but he probably continued on page 14.

—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

But I kicked him as he went. Skipper, I won't have any old men turn to page 7, column 4.

—Glendale Evening News.

It appears now as though the average temperature for this month will be colder than when Amundsen was continued on page 3, column 1.

—Plain Dealer.

radio luxury.....

for a luxury hungry world

MATCHLESS TEMPLETONE... superb duplication of sound just as the recording artists commit it to the microphone... is the exclusive gift of Temple to a world that is healthily hungry for radio luxury.

The new Temple is so great an achievement in acoustical engineering it needs no superlatives to bolster its appeal.

The intricate devices by which this tone miracle has been wrought need not be described here. The world doesn't ask for blue-prints. It takes results to its heart.

Any Temple dealer will proudly demonstrate to you that Temple gives a true, sweet, full-proportioned echo of the program it receives.

The Temple Combination illustrated here, is housed in a beautiful walnut cabinet, forty-six inches high. In addition to the Temple chassis and speaker, it contains full equipment for electrical reproduction of phonograph records, in rich, true Templetone. Space is provided also for storage of records.

**TEMPLE CORPORATION
CHICAGO . . . U. S. A.**



Temple is all-electric. The standard chassis has six 227 tubes—push-pull amplification in last audio stage, using two new 245 power tubes—full-wave rectification. A power supply oversized in every respect, in combination with the Temple electro-dynamic Speaker, assures matchless tone for Temple Receivers. Consoled, ready for use. The Temple 8-60 Console... \$149; The Temple 8-80 Grand Console... \$169; The Temple Combination... \$269. All prices less tubes. Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains. Temple Receivers are licensed by R. C. A. and associated companies.



Broadcast every Thursday at 10 P.M. Eastern Time Over the Columbia Network.

TEMPLE

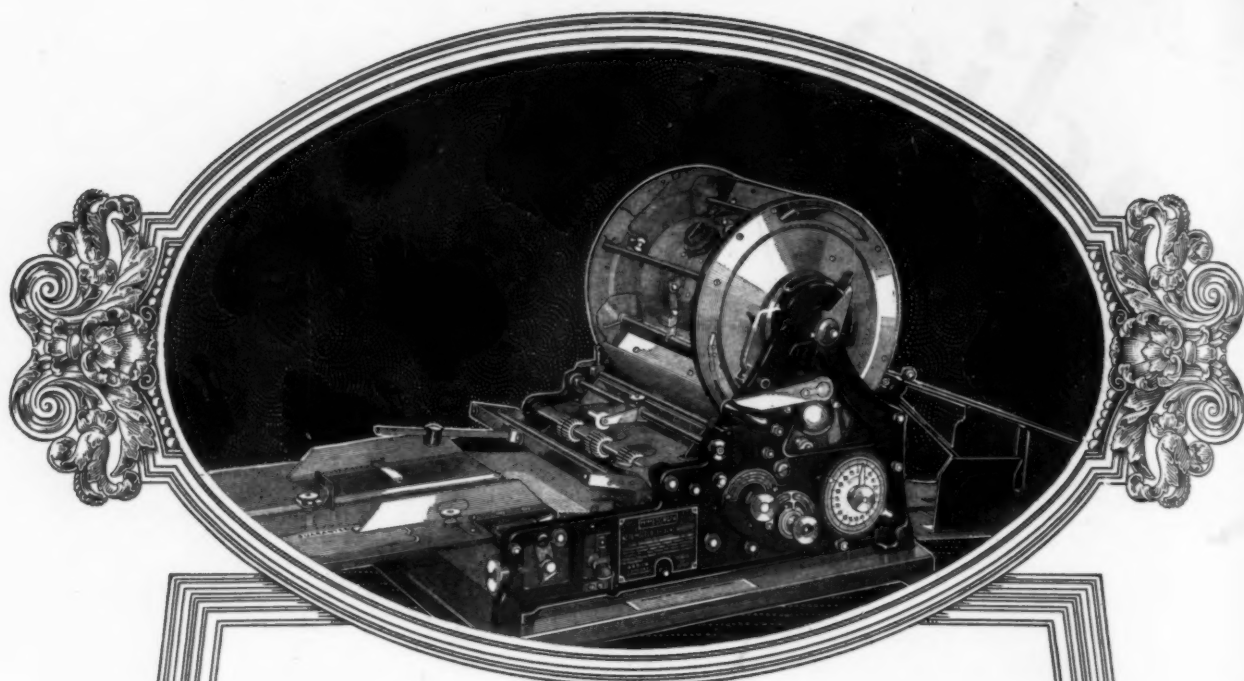
TEMPLETONE



Radio

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"THE SWITCHBOARD OF A NATION"



A FIXED IDEA

As surely as turkey means Thanksgiving to an American, the Mimeograph means speedy duplication the world over. Speed! To experienced business men and educators everywhere that's exactly what the Mimeograph means. Whatever can be written or drawn or typed on its simple stencil sheet is instantly ready for duplication—exact, nice, attractive duplication. Hourly thousands of letters, forms, questionnaires, diagrams, maps, etc., are the easy product of its whirling cylinder. No experienced operator is needed. The utmost privacy is assured. And its operating cost is almost unbelievably low. Let us tell you, in detail, how mimeographing can save you time and money. A request today to A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, or to any of the branch offices in principal cities, will bring you full particulars without obligation.

M I M E O G R A P H



Life



The Strike Breakers.



BLOTTO: What did General Motors do today?

Bewilderment

If you had said, "Until next week
I'll love you, as I live and speak,"
I should have fondly laughed to hear
And said, "Well, don't be rash, my
dear."

Or even if you'd only sworn
To love me faithfully 'til morn
I should have known you could not be
Held by such lengthy constancy.
But when you solemnly endeavor
To pledge your faithfulness forever,
Then, hearing THAT, and knowing
YOU,

I really don't know what to do.

—Myra M. Waterman.

You can't name anything that's more
expensive than being too good natured.



Man trying to drown his troubles in near beer.

The Letters Of A Modern Father

My Dear Son:

I see by your recent letter you are threatened with a breakdown and your doctor advises you to give up all active work and go to Southern California. I don't mind you having a breakdown; we let your sister Eloise have one, and your brother Sheridan had two but he only got a trip with one of them. We have always followed the plan of being impartial with our children, so if you want to take your breakdown now it is all right. We are finishing up a pretty fair year in the brick business so I can give you this little treat.

I object, however, to the way you are deceiving your doctor. Why did you let him get the impression you had any active work to give up?

Your mother and I are not surprised to hear of your impending collapse. Do you remember how many schools we had to withdraw you from on account of your eyes? You had the poorest eyes of all the boys in town; and they were always especially weak just before examination time. I said to your mother just the other evening, "Well, Wilfrid has been working in Chicago three months now; it is about time he broke down."

Of course you understand that I can't afford to have you getting well and coming home before Christmas. If you break down now you will have to stay broken until next year.

Your Affectionate Father,

—McCready Huston.



"Hey! You're runnin' th' wrong way!"
SUB: Yeh—but I'm gettin' in th' papers!

It Sims To Me

One time at a party I saw a radio set tipped over and smashed so that you couldn't get anything at all on it, not even a jazz orchestra.

They age the ginger ale now instead of the gin.

The man who doesn't know a lot about women is blind.

The Chinese got slant eyed from looking down their noses while drinking tea.

Every time you wake up on Monday morning with the gin rickets the one consolation is that you know it will never happen again.

I always imagine a radio speaker as standing up before the microphone as if he thinks it is going to take his picture.

Here's fun for dog lovers. Move into an apartment and get a dog, any breed, and drink a few highballs and then try to say "leash."

Interior decorators always seem to think you inherited your money.

Seal skin coats will be more expensive this year due to a scarcity of muskrats.

Ostriches have been known to swallow pebbles, watches, door knobs, bits of crockery, radio parts, and tea room special salads.

—Tom Sims.

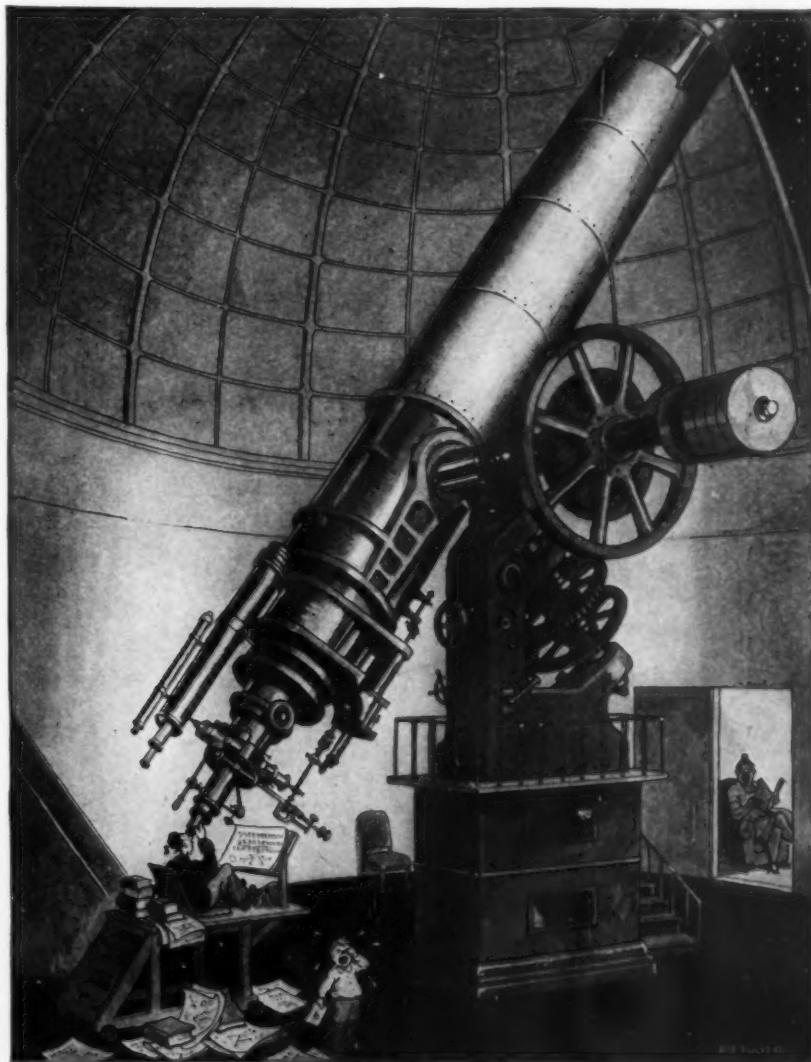
Lament!

I like the summer with its warmth
and winter with its winds;
But when old autumn rolls around
and Jack Frost nightly sins
By stealing in with tell-tale tang
and tinting all the trees,
It keeps me busy sweeping up
the lousy little leaves.

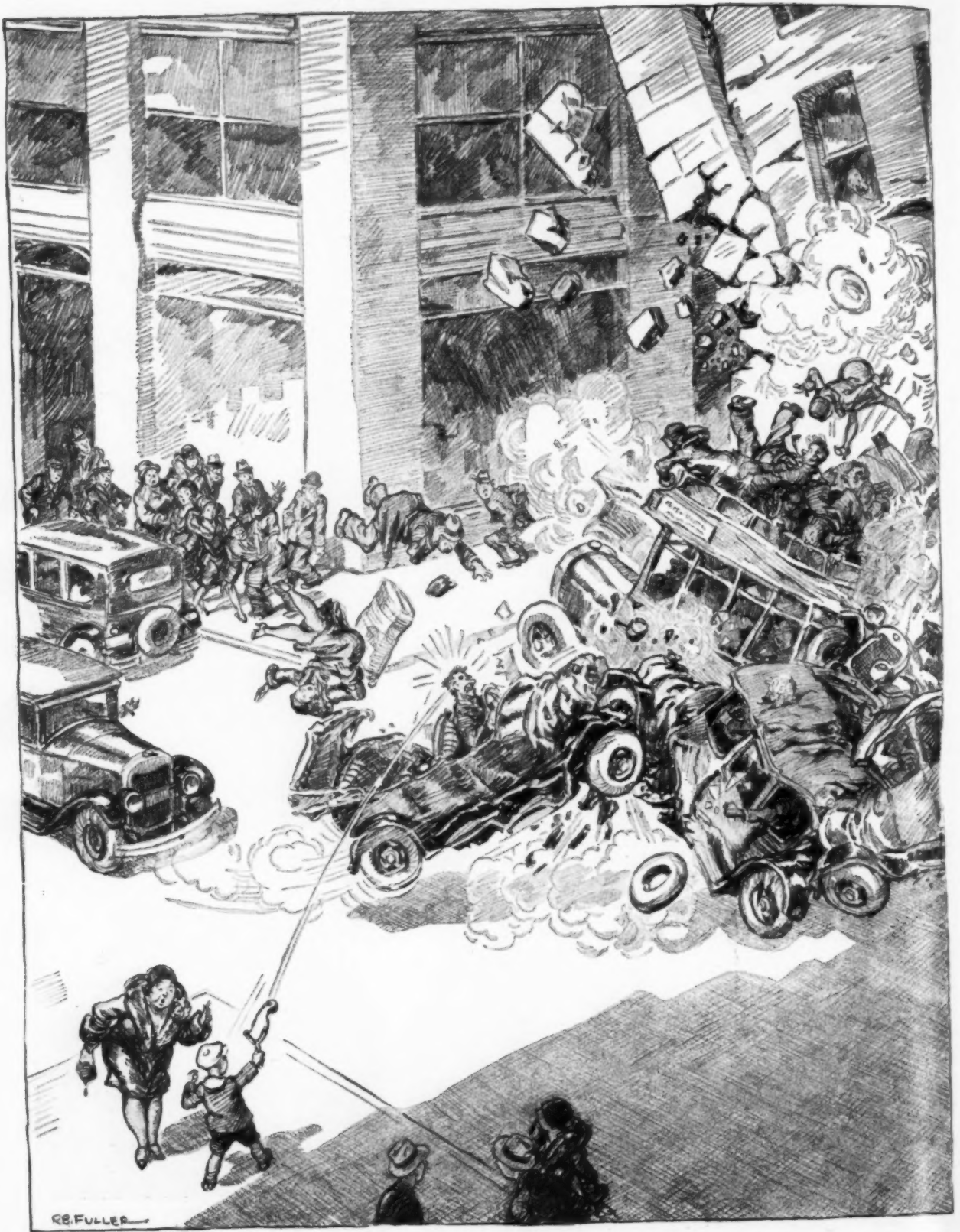
—Lee Ward.

Football is a very dangerous game because even while watching it you are liable to eat too many hot dogs.

There are men who can take a drink or leave it alone a few days.



ASTRONOMER'S SON: Aw, Maw! Paw won't help me with my puzzle!



MOTHER: *Emerson! Shall mama scold?*



Short Stories of Life



Inspiration

by Asia Kagowan

PARK benches were made for lovers and bums. This fact is almost universally accepted, at least by the two classes mentioned. And so, when John Dacey found the particular park bench at which he was wont to keep his daily tryst with his sweetheart occupied by a member of the great unwashed, he sat down beside him without comment.

It still lacked twenty minutes to the appointed hour of five, and the bum might move on. As an incentive to moving on, Dacey jingled the coins in his pocket and ostentatiously pulled forth a silver dollar. A silver dollar, in addition to its claims as a rarity these days, always has the peculiar property of reminding a bum where he can get a drink.

But the languorous wine of the May air, or the peaceful pat-pat of the blue waters of Lake Michigan against the sands of the Oak Street bathing beach, or the fleecy clouds that hung with deceptive laziness over the bustling activities of downtown Chicago, had numbed the finer sensitivities of the bum. He did not rise to the bait. Dacey found it necessary to try another cast.

"Out of work?" he inquired, pleasantly.

The unwashed turned upon his questioner a pair of bloodshot bleary eyes that looked distrustfully out of a ball of stubble beneath which might have lurked a face.

"Work?" he repeated, vaguely. "I seem to remember having heard the expression somewhere before. Pardon my saying it, but you appear rather a stranger to it yourself."

Dacey reddened, looking down at his new hundred-dollar suit, his fifteen-

photograph was in the last issue of the *Literary Barometer*. I suppose they paid you ten cents a word for that story, 'The Soul Of A Woman.' It seems that publishers these days are falling over themselves to pay good money for such utter rot."

Dacey bridled.

"The story," he protested, "presented one of the great truths of life. It showed the refining, uplifting influence of a woman upon the soul of a man who was wallowing in the gutter. A little of which, in my opinion, would do you no harm, my unshaven critic."

"Idealistic poppycock!" asserted the unbarbered. "Sentimental balderdash! Pure twaddle! What do you know about women? A thousand to one you're a bachelor."

Dacey flushed again.

"It is quite true that I am a bachelor," he admitted. "But it is also true that a woman has been the greatest influence in my life. For four years she has been my inspiration and my guiding star, and success has come to me by leaps and bounds."

"Whose wife is she?" grinned the stubble ball.

"That is neither here nor there," countered Dacey. "She is to be my wife as soon as she is—er—free."

Meanwhile, the only fact that counts is that she is a woman, one of the noblest of God's creatures."

An alcoholic cackle escaped the critic of the park bench.

"Buddy," he groaned, sympathetically "you sure got it bad. Take my advice and don't do it." Here he broke discordantly into a wheezy snatch of song:

"A red-headed woman made a bum out o' me."

"There are women and women," commented Dacey, by way of reply.

"And women and women," agreed

(Continued on Page 28)



"... by the way, were you going to give me that dollar for this story, or am I supposed to tell it for nothing?"

dollar shoes and his carefully manicured hands.

"Work," he replied, "does not necessarily imply menial labor. My own work is mental. I give it as my personal opinion that that is the hardest kind of work."

"Possibly," issued from the ball of stubble. "And I give it as my personal opinion that it is also the most foolish—Mr. Dacey."

Dacey started.

"How did you learn my name?" he demanded.

"I have a fairly good memory for faces," the bum answered, "and your



GLADYS: *Why my dear, you look young enough to be a grandmother!*

Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

- (1.) Scramble *spurn* with an *e* and get an unpopular dessert.
- (2.) Scramble *snoop* with an *i* and get another result of prohibition.
- (3.) Scramble *litters* with *p* and get bad news for a father.
- (4.) Scramble *hopes* with a *p* and get a gift from it.
- (5.) Scramble *topers* with a *t* and get what their neighbors do.
- (6.) Scramble *trees* with a *c* and don't tell it to a woman.

Answers on page 34

You would quiver too if they poured hot water over you and then put you on ice, the way they do gelatin desserts.

Cornstarch makes clothes stiff, but corn liquor makes you stiffer.

Women can 'do just about everything that men can do now except listen.



"I made some very valuable contacts today."
"I didn't make any sales either."

Scott Shots

Lot's wife looked back and turned into a pillar of salt, and nowadays lots of wives do the same thing and turn into a ditch.

Blessed are the poor, for they'll never be shown up in biographies.

Among the things that seem to grow by leaps and bounds are the children in the apartment overhead.

Where the old fashioned baby used to swallow a thimble, the modern one swallows a cigarette butt.

It was a motorist who looked at a street in Venice and asked, "How many gallons to the mile?"

A cynic is a man who believes that other people are as bad as he is.

Another place where almost anything goes is a slot machine.

This may be a prosperous country, but some Americans are so poor they don't know where the next down payment is coming from.

A janitor is just a man who acts crazy with the heat.

Magazine motto—A dollar a word to the wise is sufficient.

—W. W. Scott.



ASTUTE LANDLADY: *Yoo hoo—it's opportunity!*

Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

If a person is really intelligent, the first thing he does is to arrange his life so somebody else will do the work for him.
—Clarence Darrow.

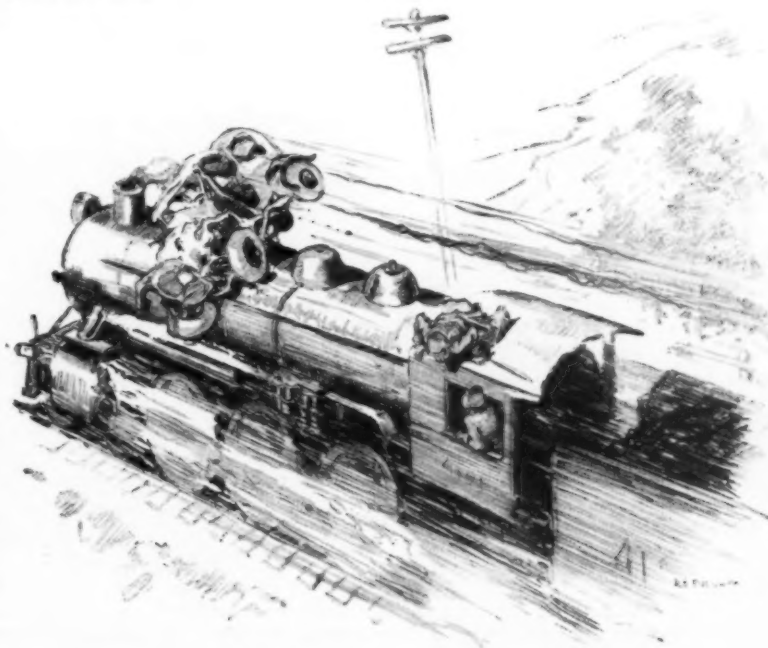
The human soul is a curious thing, and on either side are fastened bootstraps. Prayer is the only means I know of for getting hold of them and tugging yourself into upright posture suitable for any eventuality which life or death can bring.
—Heywood Broun.

No one need for a moment be ashamed of reading detective stories.
—William Lyon Phelps.

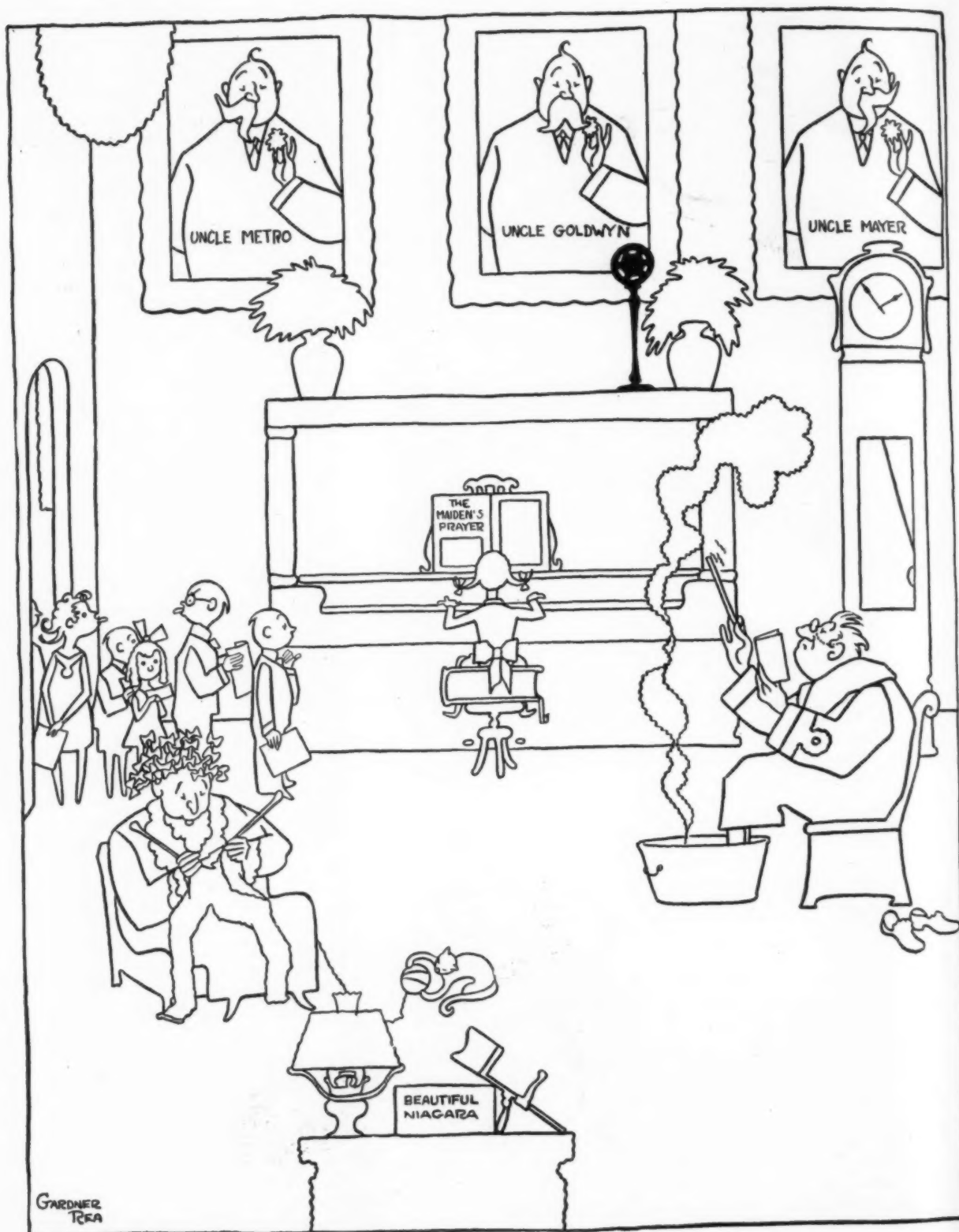
It is a terrible thought that you could play golf in Syria, or Palestine, or Germany, or Sweden. It is terrible! How much more magnificent if thousands and thousands of people should burst out of the office buildings in the middle of the afternoon and go into City Hall Park or the Battery and dance folk dances. Marvelous! That would be real sport.

—Christopher Morley.

A new oriental rug is pleasing to the eye with its gay colors and makes the living room very comfortable after you get over the habit of tiptoeing when you walk on it.



MOTORIST: *What's the idea? Didn't ya hear me blow my horn?*



Impressions of Radio Hours.
Major Bowes and his Capitol family.

Life at Home



CHICAGO—The American Bakers' Association announces the production of geographical cookies to further the cause of education. The cookies will be in the outlines of the states.



MONETTE, Mo.—Rev. E. L. Waldorf says that jazz music is an aid to the church. "It reaches 39,000,000 people with a message of cheer," he declared, "and sentiments like 'Mary and me, and baby makes three' will discourage companionate marriage."

NEW HAVEN, Conn.—Prof. Stefan Blachowsky of the University of Posnan in Poland questioned students and found that fifty-four per cent of them have the mental habit of counting objects wherever they go. The objects range anywhere from wall-paper patterns, buttons, steps during a walk to trees, autos, and funeral equipages. *The Professor does not mention counting the pennies.*

WASHINGTON—Senator Blease, Democrat, South Carolina, thinks Washington police are too much concerned over liquor and "petting."

Urging a Senate investigation of the Police Department, he said: "If there's one type of policeman I hate, it's the type, that, armed with a flashlight, will sneak up on some boy and girl making love in the park."
or in a speakeasy.

PAWTUCKET, R. I.—Dr. William Rothwell, sixty-three, is known as a good physician and a generous host. For thirty years he has always reached for his wallet, always stood treat. Recently he ordered his tombstone. A great boulder, it now stands ready in a cemetery. His inscription: "This is on me."

ARDMER, Okla.—A truck load of men and women, transient workers here for the cotton picking season, displayed the following legend on the side of their car:

"O, God of Heaven, we pray Thee to give us strength to attend strictly to our own business. Our Father, we plead with Thee to help us let the other fellow's business alone in its entirety. Amen."

WASHINGTON—When Senator Smoot asserted that he had never been at an affair in Washington where liquor was served, Senator Brookhart inconsiderately reminded him of his attendance at the Fahey banquet at the Willard Hotel, where each senator was furnished a bottle of liquor. Senator Smoot could not recall the occasion.

BROOKLYN—Five commandments posted by her husband in her bedroom have made Mrs. Skolnick sue for divorce:

"You are to remain home all hours of the day. No running around.

"You are to have no friends visit you. This includes your mother.

"You are to keep the house spic and span.

"You are to keep all secrets of the house to yourself.

"If you want to be happy, remain at home."



BROCKTON, Mass.—Edgar B. Davis, multimillionaire oil man of New York and Texas stepped into Mrs. Thresher's lunch room. Remarking that she looked tired, he was told that she could get no "help," so Davis took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, washed the dishes and cleaned up the kitchen!

LANSING, Mich.—Bootleggers are equipping their cars with air compressing machines which so effectively stir up the road dust when they are in flight, that prohibition pursuit is impossible. And there's no law against dust screens.



LYNN, Mass.—Mayor Ralph S. Bauer today issued orders calling for the arrest of any girl over twelve years who appears on the streets of Lynn or in public with her stockings rolled below her knees. The fad, the Mayor said, "is most unladylike."

Life Abroad

WARSAW, Poland—Mlle. Anastasia Zablocka, Poland's nineteen-year-old prize beauty attributes her extraordinary good looks to an exclusive diet of eggs. She eats at least a dozen each day. Hoping to be likewise hundreds of other women have taken to her diet and so increased the demand for fresh eggs that the Federation of Polish Poultry Farmers at a recent convention, presented Mlle. Zablocka with a solid gold egg in appreciation of the boom she has given to their business.

PARIS—After the arrival of Edna Peters, typical American girl, Clement Vautel columnist wrote, "The Americans are obsessed by standardization and mass production. Their dream is doubtless to create a standard man, and a standard woman, who, forming a standard couple, will produce standard children, as like each other as Mark Twain's famous twins. It is thus possible to imagine in a century all Americans will be as interchangeable as automobile parts."

One Good Idea, at Least

"If you'll wait till I drop this special delivery letter I'll drive you home," said Ashbel Morningstar, of the Jonesville Gravel and Cement Works, when I met him outside the postoffice. "It's my boy Wilbur's weekly check. Wilbur's in New York now, you know; marketing his ideas."

"As soon as he can select a regular line of clients, Wilbur intends to open an office and employ three or four assistants; but this selection takes time, so until he has his list ready he's staying with an aunt over in Brooklyn and using his bedroom for an office. He writes me that he has one idea that some big corporation will snap up if only to keep rivals from getting it. As soon as he can decide which one to give it to he is going to start paying me back out of his royalties."

"When Wilbur was a senior in the State University last year he decided that as big business men were mostly fellows who had been lucky and seldom had creative ideas, he would make a business of giving them the benefit of his brain for a fee. When he went to New York he had forty or fifty real good thoughts all written down in his notebook."

"Lately I begin to think from his



"He was introduced to me as a fraternity man and he turns out to be a Phi Beta Kappa."

letters he's slowly giving birth to one idea that makes the whole thing worth while. I happened to mention that Charlie Jones, time-keeper down at our gravel pit, was leaving next month. In his next letter Wilbur told me not to fill Charlie's place till I heard further from him as he had an idea about that job."

—McCready Huston.

"Life Is A Game Of Cards"

We played a game of cards
To see if we should wed;
She thought she would outwit me,
That I would lose my head;
But I won every hand
Until she was defeated;
We're married now and, Brother,
I'm sorry that I cheated.

—James A. Sanaker.

An apartment may have a kitchenette, dinette and bedette, but never a rentette.

There's always a devilish twinkle in a tea room hostess' eye, a sort of "Ain't we the regular fellows, though" expression, as she smiles and says, "We have some nice corned beef and cabbage today."

A great puzzle of the literary world is why financial writers have to earn a living by writing.

A citizen of the United States is protected by the American flag in every country except the United States.

Infernal machine—the one just ahead of you on Sunday afternoon.

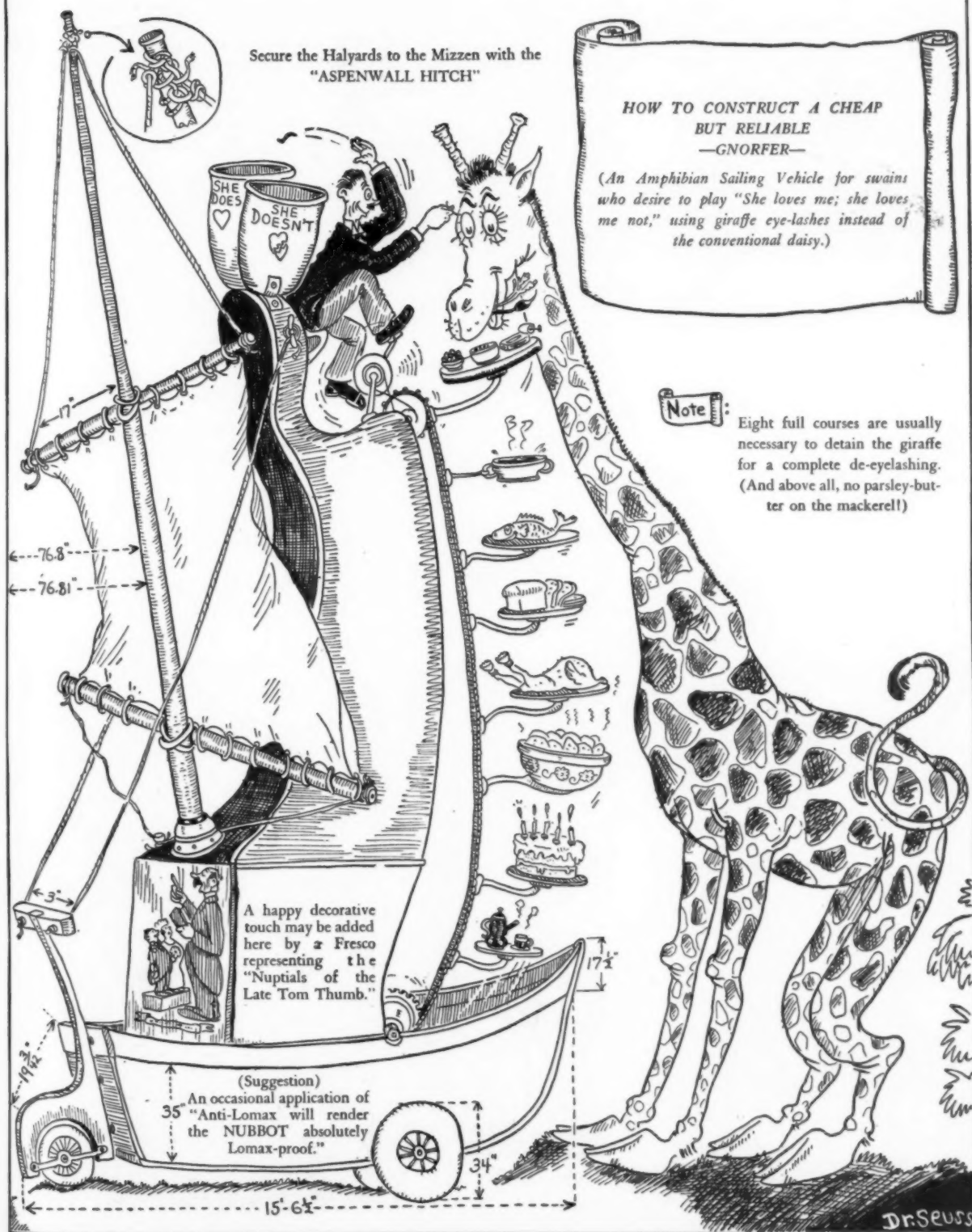
In some law courts of the U. S. a man is assumed to be guilty until he is proved influential.

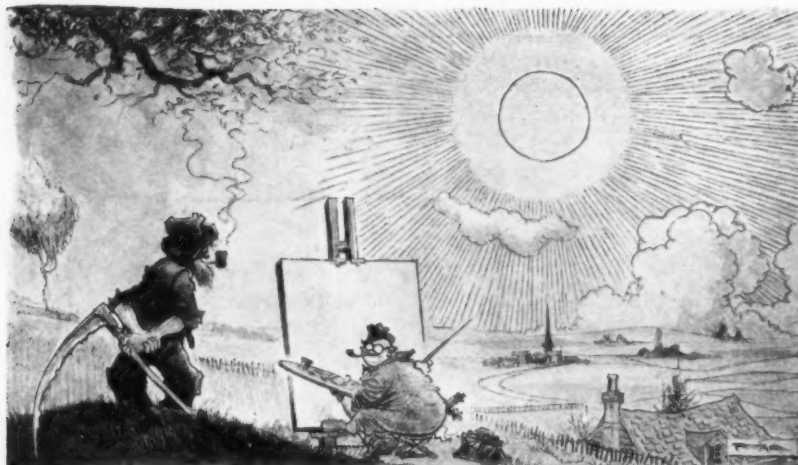
Your sins will find you out, but the installment man will find you in.



It seems that the watchman on Mount Vesuvius never carries a pocket-lighter.

LIFE's Little Educational Charts





"Say, Bub, I've watched ya here for two weeks now an' ya haint started nothin' yit—what's your specialty?"
 "Rainbows."

Just A Dumb Clock!

Characters:

BIG BEN, who is a little fast.

MRS. BEN, who is always on the watch.

BABY BEN, who has just learned to tock.

Scene: A home, late at night. Mrs. BEN is sitting with her face in her hands. Enter BIG BEN, a trifle Cuckoo.

MRS. BEN (furiously): Aha, wretch—it is chime you were returning!

BIG BEN (suavely): Now, just a minute-hand I'll explain—

MRS. BEN: I am tired of your second-hand excuses!

BIG BEN (aggrievedly): So this is what a man gets when he works all evening!

MRS. BEN (sarcastically): Heh, heh, I suppose you are all run-down from so much work!

BIG BEN: That's my story and dial stick to it!

MRS. BEN (hysterically): Liar, you have been doing the Main Stem again! And I am about to strike! I have had enough, and now I am going to leave you!

BIG BEN (derisively): Tick! Tick! You are certainly wound-up tonight!

MRS. BEN: Aha, you shall see—I am all set! For it is my o-pinion that wheel be happier apart!

BIG BEN (incredulously): Don't go off mad!

MRS. BEN (firmly): Farewell! A chain-ge will do us good! Go seek anew the charms of other women!

BIG BEN (entreatingly): Hour child!—think of hour little one!

(Door opens softly. Enter BABY BEN.)

BABY BEN (sternly): Say, it is time-piece was established in this household!

BIG BEN (sobbing): I Waterbury the past!

BABY BEN (severely, to BIG BEN): Think how she weights up for you!

BIG BEN (pleadingly, to MRS. BEN):

Forgive all, and I will be gentle as alarm!

BABY BEN: Remember, blood is ticker than water! (Softly, to MRS. BEN): Are you still going?

MRS. BEN (weeping): No—I have stopped.

BABY BEN (triumphantly): Then let us all join hour-hands in forgiveness and love!

BIG BEN (happily, to MRS. BEN): Come, spring to my arms, my jewel!

MRS. BEN (fondly): Yes, let us case and make up!

BABY BEN (slyly, aside): Now, I ask yuh, confidentially—eight-day cute?

(Curtain)

—Marian Dietrick.

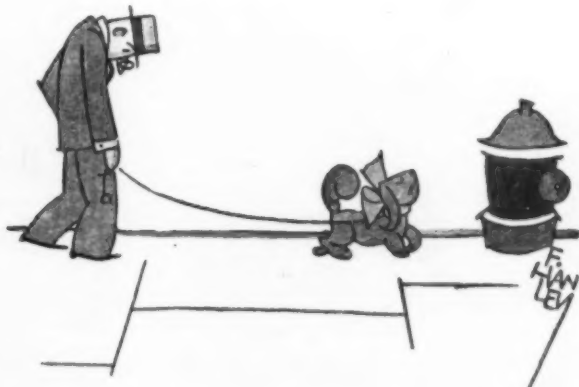
Probably a girl shuts her eyes when she kisses a man because she is trying to remember his name.

Already some of the young men who married last June are dropping in at the delicatessen about dinner time to get a few sandwiches.

The society columns in the newspaper are read by shop girls and stenographers and also by many a high pressure business man who likes to know what his family is doing.



INVENTOR: Whoops! Mary! Our fortune is made! I've invented a golf score indicator that lies.





SINBAD
Watch your step!!

EDWINA



Life in Washington

DURING these days of Anglo-American whatnot, Washington's official headaches have not been caused by guessing what the Premier said to the President on that log by the Rapidan but by wondering whether Mrs. McPherson was strangled by her pyjamas or whether she was knocked on the head. It's the Capital's own vest-pocket Hall-Mills case and not even the Freedom of the Seas stands a chance. However, when MacDonald told a Philadelphia reporter that he hoped the Athletics would win the Series, he was asking for trouble. Now that the Chicago Cubs have lost, four games to one, we expect Big Bill Thompson to complain again about British propaganda. Just as the Senate had decided to let lying dogs sleep by putting the effervescent Mr. Shearer on ice for a few weeks, in order to give parity a sporting chance in the Disarmament Sweepstakes, Wee Willie Bridgeman, former First Lord of the British Admiralty, rushed in where statesmen feared to tread and explained how he had tried to silence the sea-minded Mr. Shearer at Geneva. A few more Transatlantic wise-cracks at the discomforted propagandist and he will be able to pose as a martyr to British persecution.

As it is, the real row over navies seems to be coming from Rome and Paris. When the Hoover-MacDonald joint statement appeared the French struck up the anvil chorus and Mussolini went into conference with himself, while Mont Pélée, in the French West Indies, appropriately went into sympathetic eruption. However, what happens at that London Conference in January won't be our funeral, and our diplomatic morticians will be able to wear black gloves with a light heart.

To those who have been critical of Senatorial intelligence, the Congressional Record for October 11 offers comfort. The debate led by Senator Cutting of New Mexico on the censorship of books by U. S. Customs Clerks was of a very high order. Individually, Senators showed a familiarity with

good literature and an appreciation of sound critical standards which would have been surprising in the Authors League or the Algonquin Cabala. Collectively—but that is another story; just the same, the debate is worth reading.

The Methodist Amendment is taking another trip on the holy roller-coaster and some of us hope that the straps won't hold the next time it goes around the curves. Item—Andrew Mellon will stay in the Cabinet for the balance of the Administration, which means that dry enforcement will be more honored in the mouth than in the gullet. Item—Seymour Lowman's Booze Banditti are to mount machine-guns on their rum-chasers, which means that no matter how many men they kill they can't sink many more Canadian ships. Item—before the buyer of hooch can be punished by the godly a new amendment to the Constitution will be necessary and oh! how some of us want a chance to vote on that! Item—67,000 Prohibition cases are pending in the Federal Courts, which means that nobody will be punished for a good long time. Item—the Treasury has ordered 1,400,000 gallons of "medicinal" Bourbon, which means that the next time you are asked to pay your income tax you can tell Mr. Mel-



SENATOR CUTTING
On Cutting the Censor

lon that you don't feel so very well. Add this up any way you please and the answer still comes out plus.

A fellow named Albert or Alfred Fall went on trial in Washington the other day. He is being prosecuted for participation in the Credit Mobilier scandals in Grant's First Administration or something. After a few hours in court he collapsed . . . Mr. J. P. Morgan gave his old yacht the "Corsair" to the Government. The "Corsair" costs only \$100,000 a year to run and he wants something finer for himself. It is to be run by the Department of Commerce for the appropriate purpose of locating wandering icebergs. We suggest that the Department select some name less suggestive of the predatory instincts of a financial Vyking—possibly the "Vy Not?"

—J. F.

Even a cynic believes in enduring love if he doesn't have to endure it too long.

No doubt there are times when a beauty specialist feels he would like to call in for consultation a landscape gardener.

The autumnal colors, as you motor along the highways, are very beautiful. Many of the signs are newly painted.

Perhaps the way to remove an ancient prejudice against saxophone players is to toast them.



"All right Angie, dear—I'm getting up!"

New York Life



Hey, Rube!

RECENTLY I attempted to give the "hicks" out thar the true facts of life in the night clubs . . . I also came right out loud in the op'ry house and told them point blank that *New York city* isn't half as bad as it is painted by writers of sensational "hooley" . . . this



week I'm going to get real clubby and let out the inside dope on life behind the footlights or why chorus girls are more sinned against than sinning.

"Hick"

Before we go any further and get in wrong with everybody west of the *Hudson river* it might be wise for me to give my idea of what a "hick" is . . . "hick" originally meant a rube from the great open spaces but since *New York* is made up almost entirely of these gents from small towns the meaning has changed . . . my definition of a "hick" is a gullible moron with a rather nasty mind who believes everything bad he reads and seldom reads anything good . . . and there are plenty of them right here in our fair city . . .

This baby believes that all theatrical people are "bad" and especially these here now chorus gels . . . he thinks they all drive to their *Park Avenue* homes in *Rolls Royces* where they are kept in regal splendor by *Wall street* brokers . . . when you consider how the market is going these days you can see what a silly idea that is! . . . now there are probably quite a few of the ladies of the ensemble who do go *Park Avenue* and there are probably quite a few who would do the same thing if they had half a chance but ninety per cent of them are poor but proud woiking goils . . . as a class they rate morally just about fifty per cent higher than our debutants.

Statistics

The following statistics compiled by our own *Committee of Fourteen* young men-about-town, gives you a rough idea of the "batting" average of twenty-five chorus girls . . . of the twenty-five, two had errors chalked up against them . . . one actually lived on *Park Avenue* and, by cracky, drove a car although it wasn't a *Rolls*, the other lived with her sweetheart . . . four were legally married, seven lived with their families or mothers, and the other twelve lived

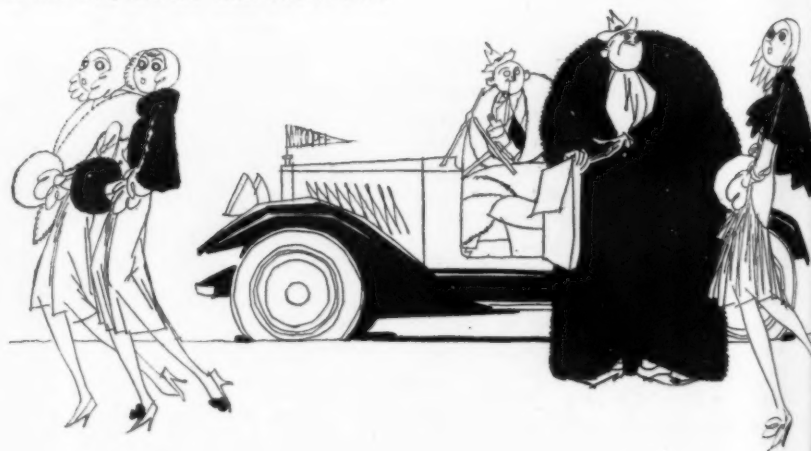
with other girls in bunches of three or four to an apartment . . . of the twenty-five, twenty were in bed every night not later than one o'clock, five supported their mothers, one supported her husband, six never touched a drop of liquor, one was a heavy drinker, and the rest drank only on occasion.

Believe it or Not

If this sounds like a "Believe It or Not" consider the average chorine's



working day . . . she gets up around eleven, works out for an hour or two at a "gym," grabs a lunch and rehearses



the rest of the afternoon . . . rushes home where she irons out laundry and grabs some dinner from the kitchenette . . . then she rushes back to the theatre for the evening performance . . . eighty per cent of these lazy gals double their salaries by going on after the evening show to a night club where they work three hours more . . . after sixteen hours of strenuous labor they are not exactly in the mood for "Whoopie."

New York Notes

It has been so long since *Rothstein* was shot on *Broadway* that *Grover Whalen* could start a rumor that *Rothstein* was drowned in *Central Park*



. . . One way the prohibition laws are enforced in *New York* is there are so many cops in our speakeasies that a cash customer can't get near the bar . . . *New York* is so noisy that a policeman can't hear a gun shot but he can hear a five dollar bill drop on the pavement . . . there are fifty thousand taxicabs in *New York* city except on rainy days . . . talk about race prejudice—*Mayor Walker* makes the white night clubs close at three and lets the colored ones stay open all night.

Manna-About-Town

The new dress styles add just about ten years to any gal . . . the show "*Great Day*" . . . the new *Lexington Hotel Grill* . . . the tune "*What*

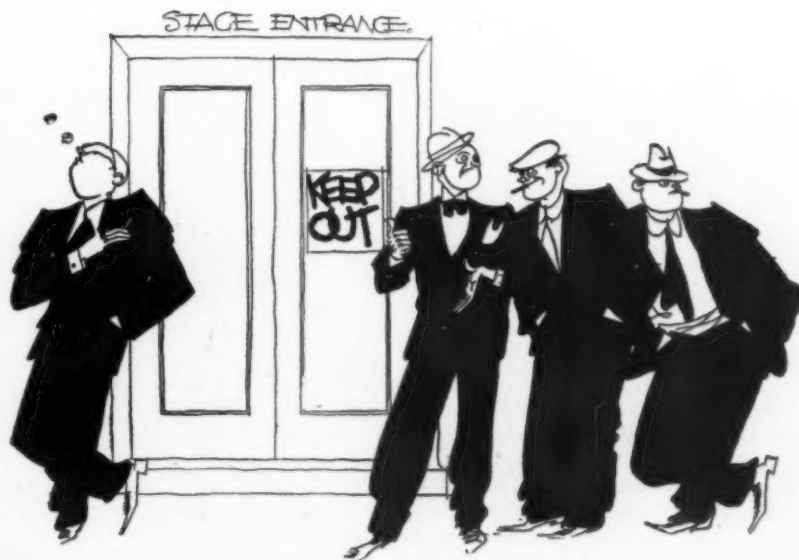
Is This Thing Called Love" . . . also "*Without A Song*" from "*Great Day*" . . . *Mark Hellinger's* bull pup . . . *Wayne Beuchner's* piano playing . . . *Morrie Bishop's* "*Paramount Poems*" with the headline "*If it isn't a Paramount it isn't a Poem*"



. . . the book "*Hangover*" by *Max Lief* . . . *Jimmy Durante's* new "*Wood*" song . . . *Harry Evan's* story of the flustered amateur actor who was given one line to speak—the line was "I hear a pistol shot!"—the flustered amateur actor came out and said hoarsely "I hear a shistol pot—I shear a histol pot—er sistol hot—histol pot—AW NERTS!" and made a hasty exit

. . . the new handbags in shape of *Ford* coupes . . . the new edition of *Oscar Wilde Poems* with illustrations by *John Vassos* . . . the well known young man-about-town who is simply carazy about a night club girl—sits around the club every night from seven to three including Sundays—ain't love wonderful! . . . and the cover charge is four dollars!

Knicknackbooker Jr.



Theatre • by Ralph Barton



THE satellites in Miss Jane Cowl's new vehicle, "Jenny," move shamefacedly about the stage, muttering whimsies that do not matter, each putting in his little two cents worth, bashfully working up the little plot, for nearly an act before the star comes on. We gather from it all that John R. Weatherby has raised a family of children who have turned out to be members of the Younger Generation and that his wife has slid even further down the toboggan to perdition. We are supposed to feel very sorry for Weatherby. He is being misunderstood and imposed upon. But the naissant heart-pang is promptly cocainized by a glance at the program. Weatherby is being played by Sir Guy Standing, and we are expecting Someone who will put matters right for him. We dig our knees into the back of the seat before us and wait.

Presently, comes an ominous pause in the evening's occupations. The other characters melt and pour through the exits, and Sir Guy Standing, left all alone, sits down. We pull ourselves up, clutch at our throats; a hush spreads over the audience, and we fix our eyes on the French window leading to the rose garden. After the proper interval, the Presence appears. The Presence is clad all in white and, framed in the window, dominates the scene, the play, the theatre, the universe. It is the star, Miss Cowl.

From that moment, nothing else counts for two pins. Our eyes never leave Miss Cowl. Mother and the children, like the play itself, become mere wraiths floating about her. Sir Guy becomes an instrument in her hand—something to talk at, like Yorick's skull. The story bubbles along behind her, and Miss Cowl stands out a column of light, a thing apart.

Something (instinct, I suppose) tells me that Miss Cowl would be a very fine actress if she were not a star. She has the voice, the dignity, the intelligence, the beauty, the charm, and she knows how to move. But why be a very fine actress? In spite of the in-

different notices of the play in the press, Miss Cowl's admirers were standing three deep the day after the opening to see Miss Cowl play Miss Cowl.

MISS ALICE BRADY, on the other hand, snuffed out her stardom and opened the Theatre Guild's season in a dull war play from the German, called "Karl and Anna." The guild ought to be ashamed of itself, but Miss Brady can pin one of the



IN MEMORIAM: Theatrically speaking, the importation of blood and thunder from England has greatly reduced the importation of spats and teacups.

roses from John R. Weatherby's garden on herself for her performance. Seeing that the play was a preposterous business, and knowing that she could not lean on her starbeams, Miss Brady evidently rolled up her sleeves and promised herself to pull something out of the mess or die in the attempt. She nearly does it. On several occasions, as she emerges from Otto Kruger's beard to leap into Frank Conroy's, she almost makes you believe that her lines are in some way remotely connected with life. But the author always has his way in the end. The moment Miss Brady rises above everything and becomes a woman that two men want, the author

floors her with a mouthful of words and she becomes the harp that once through Tara's halls.

Anyway, war plays have to be masterpieces to be supportable, especially if they are of the sort which runs to beards. One of the great Dreamers of Dreams in Hollywood, the Gautama Buddha of motion picture producers, came out on his lot one day during the filming of a Civil War picture, and saw an actor in beard and uniform. "Vat are *you* sipped to be?" he asked. "I'm playing General Grant," replied the actor. "Vell," said the producer, "no viskers in my pictures—not even for Napoleon!"

We will probably not hear from Leonhard Frank, the author of "Karl and Anna," again, so all may be forgiven. He has been made a member of the German Academy of Letters. That is the way they deal with bad authors in the country where ruthlessness is a virtue.

IF I CAN buy a seat, I am going back next week to see Ring Lardner's and George Kaufman's "June Moon" again and make a serious report on it. On the first night, I began laughing shortly after the curtain went up on the prologue and never quite recovered. By the end of the second act, I had got lockjaw, my abdominal muscles were twisted into hard, aching knots, and I was bleeding profusely from the nose. I hadn't caught a breath for ten minutes.

Then, Harry Rosenthal picked up a sponge and washed a window. A simple gesture in itself. But when it happened, I tore open my shirt and fell, writhing and shrieking, into the aisle. Happily, the aisle was piled high with the bodies of first-nighters and friends who had died laughing.

At the end of the play, the ushers (who were carefully selected for their posts from the city's deaf and dumb asylums) cleaned us up and sent us to hospitals, where we were given copies of Chic Sales' "The Specialist" to sober up on.

See "June Moon" when you are low.



IN "JENNY" AND IN "KARL AND ANNA."
*Miss Jane Cowl in the shadow of her stardom, and Miss Alice Brady
in the strong, white light of the Guild.*

Movies • by Harry Evans



"Applause"

NO LONGER will Helen Morgan have to depend on her ability to croon tunes about men who have gone away and left her sitting broken hearted on top of a piano. In "Applause" Miss Morgan steps down from her precarious piano perch and takes a front seat among the dramatic stars of the talking screen. The gent who offers Miss Morgan an arm to assist her in taking this eventful step is Mr. Rouben Mamoulin, well known as a director of plays for the New York Theatre Guild, among which will be remembered that excellent piece, "Porgy." His first venture as a movie director is not due to be a huge financial success—in fact it typifies that well known expression, "We don't make much money, but we have lots of fun." Mr. Mamoulin probably never had more fun in his life than he did making "Applause." Like a child with a new toy he has played around with his camera, and the result is unusually interesting if not orthodox according to established movie methods. The only drawback is that you soon realize you are witnessing an experiment and after a while you begin to feel like a spectator at a clinic . . . with the result that you are apt to be looking forward with so much interest to what Mr. Mamoulin is going to try next that you forget the story.

However, there are parts of the story that compel attention. Miss Morgan, whom we have hitherto known as a

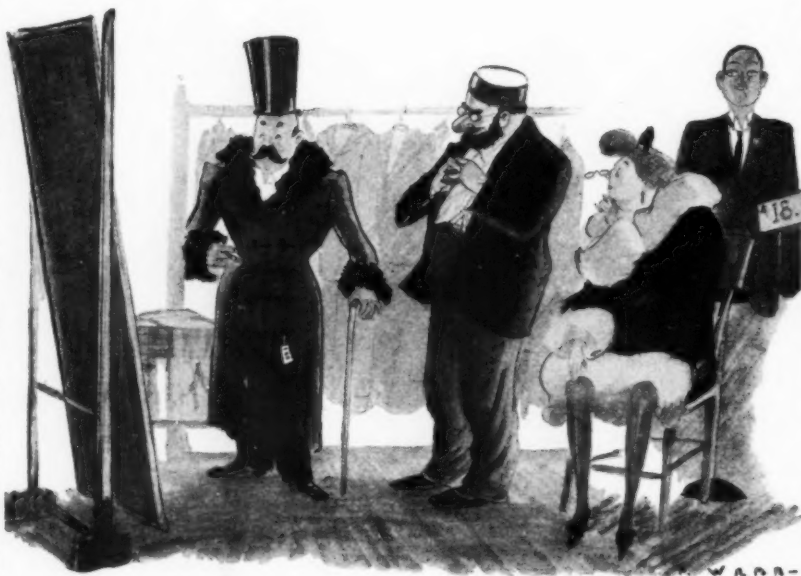
well groomed lady who sang of handsome if fickle Romeos, is cast as Kitty Darling, a second rate burlesque queen. In seeking reality the director has spared her nothing. She is a cheap woman surrounded by cheap people and in love with a cheap, philandering burlesque hoofer. The contrast is supplied by the convent bred daughter April, played with astonishing sympathy by an unknown young actress, Joan Peers. The struggle of the cheap woman to make a lady of her daugh-

young man who is also a newcomer to the screen, shows unusual promise by making the character of a sailor whose intentions are strictly honorable seem believable . . . which certainly proves that he is a gifted actor. The most striking bits of photography supplied by Mr. Mamoulin's enterprising camera are scenes showing Henry and Joan sightseeing . . . first atop a skyscraper, then on Brooklyn Bridge . . . and the charming naturalness of this young couple as they pursue their romance high above the dirty city is like a breath of fresh air after a seance with Kitty Darling and her burlesque friends. It seems to this reviewer that the director has been unreasonably severe in his effort to make the burlesque business appear as tawdry as possible.

Fuller Mellish, Jr., who plays Miss Morgan's lover, is excellent—in fact every principal deserves credit. To offset these assets is the frequent incoherence which results from Mr. Mamoulin's continual search for a new

technique, a search that does not exclude even the religious ceremonies in the convent. To make these scenes dramatic he has provided details that (even to this inexperienced observer) smack of inaccuracy.

You will either like "Applause" very much or think it is terrible. We enjoyed it and will look forward to Mr. Mamoulin's next effort in the hope that the novelty of the new tool may have worn off by that time . . . in which case this capable workman may turn out a finished product.



"They say Washington slept in it at Valley Forge, Mr. Peebles."

ter is not a new plot, but the pathos that Miss Morgan brings to the role is unusual and convincing. The man she loves insists that she stop spending money on the daughter and threatens to leave her if she doesn't take the girl out of the convent and put her to work in a show. So April, who has been schooled in the gentle ways of the nuns, is suddenly thrown into a company of burlesque performers and the agony of the experience as expressed by Miss Peers' fine acting will stick with you.

Henry Wadsworth, a handsome

Mrs. Pep's Diary



by
Baird
Leonard

OCTOBER 11—A fine Georgian dish come in with my breakfast, a present from Samuel because I have not been so happy as usual of late, and on the card he had wrote the reminder,

*"From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass
Like little ripples on a sunny river;
Your pleasures spring like daisies in
the grass,*

*Cut down, and up again as blithe
as ever."*

And it did set me thinking of Landor, and how I had liefer wrote some of his charming trifles than all of Wordsworth, and did mind me of the time when he booted the servant out the window and afterwards exclaimed, "My God, I forgot about the violet bed!" Before leaving Wordsworth, I will set down that I have always considered him overrated, regardless of the publicity which he has given Nature, and I will also confide that if the meanest flower that blows could give me thoughts which lie too deep for tears, I should be slow to admit the fact publicly, and I am sure that Peter Bell, whom he dismissed contemptuously because a primrose by the river's brim was to him exactly that, would have been a better bridge partner and a safer man to trust to get theatre-tickets and railway reservations. Saying as much to my husband, he did remind me that I have been known to bawl at the mere sight of the flag or a Civil War veteran, so I had no answer, but made him promise to have Landor's "Finis" graven on my tombstone, even though he does not hold that it will be entirely the truth. Telling him of my determination to become what is known in the vernacular as hard-boiled, he did imply that anyone with my command of cold, unimpassioned

English when addressing electric refrigerator men or delinquent apartment superintendents would never be considered a human jellyfish, but at any rate, I do mean from now on to have our household run as it should be, down to the smallest detail, and only this

morning I did tell our Katie that if ever again she does put a damp face-cloth in the clothes hamper or hoard an empty beverage box in the kitchen, I shall literally push her out the window, an idea derived from "Cora Potts," and I do think she was impressed, for it would be a fourteen-story drop. Did on my new black self-figured silk, with a waistline higher than any I have worn in a dozen years, and out to luncheon with Marge Boothby, whose doctor is limiting her to twelve hundred calories a day, and she did eat whitebait and oyster crabs with tartar sauce, iced coffee with sugar and whipped cream, and a large chocolate eclair, so I did stop at a bookshop and send her, anonymously, a copy of Joslin's Diabetic Manual. To tea with Betsy Thomas, just home from Europe,

and she does tell me that Byron's palace in Venice is tenanted by some Americans with a motor-boat named "The Niblick" which is usually in front of it, very depressing. We did also speak of our mutual pleasure in growing older, and our delight in the acquisition of experience, and that of youth's mere physical advantages, such as glintier hair, a better complexion and a smaller waist are no compensation for a state of general ignorance whilst possessing them, albeit I must set down that frequently when I am weighing out my food on a 500-gramme scale, it is fortunate that no Mephistofeles appears beside me, or there might be a speedy transaction. This night to the playhouse to see a talking motion picture of "Disraeli," a piece which I saw ten times during its run, with George Arliss very fine, and I was amazed that the screening should have been done with such accuracy and intelligence.

Always look both ways before crossing the street at a busy corner and have your name and address in your pocket or handbag.

Restaurants pay high rents and install luxurious fixtures and hire famous chefs and put waiters in uniforms and get beautiful cashiers and yet never think of keeping a waffle hot enough to melt butter.



"Won't you come up and see the place?"

Confidential Guide



LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

HOW LIFE READERS CAN GET GOOD
ORCHESTRA SEATS AT BOX-OFFICE
PRICES

SEE PAGE 32

(Listed in the order of their openings.)

Comedy and Drama

- ★STREET SCENE. *Playhouse*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Moving drama of the slums that won the Pulitzer Prize.
- ★LET US BE GAY. *Little*. \$4.40—Francine Larrimore in Rachel Crothers' amusing comedy.
- ★JOURNEY'S END. *Henry Miller's*. \$4.40—The British "All Quiet on the Western Front." Fine drama, beautifully acted.
- ★BIRD IN HAND. *Ethel Barrymore*. \$3.85—Fun in an English tavern, by John Drinkwater.
- ★IT'S A WISE CHILD. *Belasco*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—A whose-kid-is-it farce, belascoed.
- ★GAMBLING. *Fulton*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—George M. Cohan as a relentless, tight-lipped gambler.
- SOLDIERS AND WOMEN. *Ritz*—Violet Heming annoying A. E. Anson in a British army post in Baluchistan.
- ★SCARLET PAGES. *Morisco*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Elsie Ferguson as a two-fisted, hard-hitting female lawyer.
- HOUSEPARTY. *Cort*—How murder is done in a college fraternity house.
- ★REMOTE CONTROL. *Forty-eighth Street*. \$3.85—How murder is done in a radio broadcasting station.
- CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Eva Le Gallienne's troupe in various good things from foreign parts.
- FIESTA. *Garrick*—The Experimental Theatre experimenting.
- STRICTLY DISHONORABLE. *Avon*—The best comedy in town. The best play, for that matter.
- ROPE'S END. *Masque*—Murder for the thrill in Mayfair. Best of the horror plays.
- ★SUBWAY EXPRESS. *Liberty*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Murder before your eyes in a subway car. One of the best.
- MANY WATERS. *Maxine Elliott's*—Homely life story of homely little people, including Ernest Truex.
- SEE NAPLES AND DIE. *Vanderbilt*—Elmer Rice's comedy of Americans abroad. "The wise-crack barrage has been reduced.
- CANDLE-LIGHT. *Empire*—Frothy epigrams in a Viennese setting. Gertrude Lawrence.
- A HUNDRED YEARS OLD. *Lyceum*—Otis Skinner throwing his 100th birthday party in Spain.
- THE CRIMINAL CODE. *National*—Grim and powerful prison drama.
- AMONG THE MARRIED. *Bijou*—Love among the golfers and fight-fans.
- KARL AND ANNA. *Guild*—Alice Brady in a dull war play from the German.
- HER FRIEND THE KING. *Longacre*—William Faversham back again as an exiled king.

THE HOUSE OF FEAR. *Republic*—Effie Shannon wasted in a spook thriller.

JENNY. *Booth*—Jane Cowl being charming and beautiful to no particular purpose.

★JUNE MOON. *Broadhurst*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—10,000 side-splitting laughs at the song-writers, by Ring Lardner and George Kaufman.

FIRST MORTGAGE. *Royale*—A noble but dismal attempt at a portrait of soul-decay, or something, in the suburbs.

LADIES DON'T LIE. *Gallo*—Extremely tight comedy at \$2.

BONDS OF INTEREST. *Hampden's*—Walter Hampden in a traditional comedy by Ben-vente.

THE NUT FARM. *Biltmore*—Hollywood comedy. The worst ever.

Eye and Ear

- ★THE NEW MOON. *Imperial*. \$5.50—An opera you will remember. Second year.
- ★WHOOPEE. *New Amsterdam*. \$6.60—Made by Eddie Cantor.
- ★FOLLOW THRU. *Chanin's Forty-sixth Street*. \$5.50—Going as strong as it was a year ago.
- ★THE LITTLE SHOW. *Music Box*. \$4.40—Sat. Hol. \$5.50—Clifton Webb, Libby Holman and Fred Allen moanin' low and wittily.
- HOT CHOCOLATES. *Hudson*—Our black brothers stepping.
- EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK. *Forty-fourth Street*—Cleaner than usual, but good.
- ★SWEET ADELIN. *Hammerstein*. \$6.60—Hit of the gay 'nineties. Helen Morgan, Irene Franklin and Charles Butterworth.

★THE STREET SINGER. *Shubert*. \$5.50—Good dancing, Queenie Smith and Andrew Tombes.

VICTOR HERBERT REVIVALS. *Jolson's*—Nov. 4 to Nov. 16: "Naughty Marietta." Nov. 18 to Nov. 30: "Babes in Toyland."

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS. *Apollo*—Bigger and about the same as ever. Frances Williams, Willie Howard and Mr. White, himself.

Supper Clubs

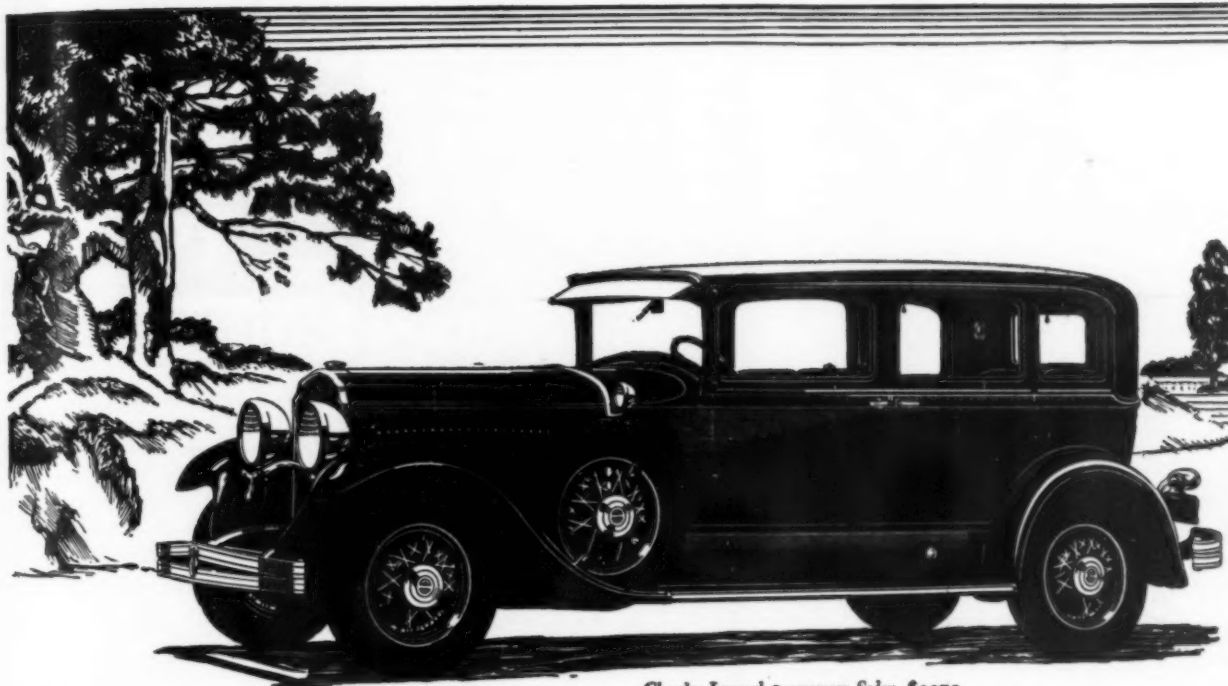
- *Dressy
- C COVER CHARGE FS Fridays and Saturdays
- H Headwaiter
- SWIG The price of Sandwiches, (2 chicken) White Rock, Ice, Gingerale (for two)
- BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3rd. A swell place to meet your friends. C.\$3. H.Arnold. SWIG.\$4.
- CASANOVA, 134 W. 52. Popular place. Francis Williams and Keating, the magician. C.\$4. H.Louis. SWIG.\$5.
- CLUB PLAZA, Plaza Hotel. Nice. C.\$2.
- COUNTY FAIR, 54 E. 9th. Economic fun. C.\$1. FS.\$1.50. H.Charlie. SWIG.\$1.85.
- CONNIE'S INN, 7th Ave. at 131st. Harlem fun, late at night. C.\$2. FS.\$2.50. SWIG.\$2.75.

(Continued on Page 32)



"Shhh! We want this to be a surprise!"

CHRYSLER'S BEST IS MOTORING'S BEST



Chrysler Imperial 5-passenger Sedan, \$2975

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NO CAR in the world better exemplifies the fine ideals of smart design, true devotion to quality, scientific engineering and exacting requirements of custom craftsmanship than the magnificent Chrysler Imperial, with Multi-Range Gear Shift.

Merely to look at it is to see that the Imperial is primarily and particularly designed for those motorists who not only appreciate finer things, but are able to possess them.

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and easily rules the road in all phases of performance. There is literally no describing the sensation of this car's performance. It has the already-famous Multi-Range Gear Shift—a brand new and unparalleled development of Chrysler engineering—creating an amazing difference in driving ease, in quickness of acceleration, in smoothness and in power range.

Roadster (with rumble seat), \$2895; Sedan (5-pass.), \$2975; Town Sedan, \$2975; Standard Coupe, \$2995; Convertible Coupe, \$2995; Phaeton (7-pass.), \$3095; Sedan (7-pass.), \$3095; Sedan-Limousine, \$3475. All prices f. o. b. factory. Special Equipment Extra.

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL

with Multi-Range Gear Shift



HAVE WOMEN A SENSE OF HUMOR?



Starting November 1, the Women's Press Club of New York, through the pages of LIFE, is going to give the Women of America a chance to prove they have! This nation wide contest will run for twelve weeks and \$1,000 in prizes will be offered by the Women's Press Club for the cleverest material submitted during that time by a woman. The cleverest pieces will be printed in LIFE and regular rates will be paid for these in addition to the prizes.

The Prizes will be as follows: First Prize—\$500; Second Prize—\$250; Third Prize—\$100; and six Fourth Prizes of \$25 each. The following is a list of the judges:

Carolyn Wells
Baird Leonard
William Allen White
Margaret Sanger
Mary Roberts Rinehart

Donald Ogden Stewart
O. O. McIntyre
Rupert Hughes
Kathleen Norris
Irvin S. Cobb

All manuscripts must be typewritten and must be addressed to Beatrice B. Beecher, Women's Press Club Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York City. To insure safe return of Manuscripts enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. In case of a tie, each of the winning contestants will receive a prize.

Material may be submitted in the form of humorous articles, essays, verse, paragraphs, or ideas for humorous pictures. Ideas accepted will be illustrated by LIFE's artists. Articles and essays must not be longer than 250 words.

Watch future issues for further developments in this nation-wide contest.

Little Incidents That Made Football History



The first international football contest was played between Rutgers and McGill in 1811, and ended in the War of 1812, because the McGill team insisted on playing soccer throughout the second half. This incident led to the famous guardsback formation or tandem.

Inspiration

(Continued from Page 9)

the bewhiskered one. "And they're all built on the same model. They'll ruin you."

"Four years ago," said Dacey, "I was a struggling hack writer, living from hand to mouth. Then Janette came into my life. She gave me something to work for, something to struggle toward, and since that time I have scaled the heights till success dies within my very grasp. I tell you, there is nothing like the inspiration a woman brings into a man's life."

"Nothing like it," croaked the other. "I had one of those inspirations once, and look at me now."

"Bah!" exploded Dacey. "What do you know about women anyhow? A thousand to one you're a bachelor."

"You win," the bum admitted. "Still, by your own confession, a bachelor sometimes has the misfortune to become involved with the gentle piratical sex. This happened to me several years ago. As you so poetically put it, a woman came into my life."

"Whose wife was she?" demanded Dacey.

"That is neither here nor there," countered Fuzzy Face. "The only fact that counts is that she was a woman, one of the most devilish of Satan's

(Continued on Page 30)

Don't miss the best things in LIFE!

Dear Life:

Enclosed please find one two dollars and five
10 weeks
send LIFE for 20 weeks to
1 year

If you are late getting to the Newsstand, you may be out of luck.

Why take a chance.

Just sign the little coupon, send it to LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York, with the necessary check and the best things in LIFE will come to you every week.

Name
Address
612
10 weeks 20 weeks 1 year 1 year
(U. S. and Canada) Foreign
\$1.00 \$2.00 \$5.00 \$6.60

FAMOUS APPLES OF HISTORY No 2

HERCULES RETURNS

From the Hesperides



"I don't know why my getting those three golden apples should be called labors," admitted the local strong man to a reporter for the Mycaenean Tribune on his return from a week-end visit with the daughters of the Evening Star.

"What I actually did was to fill my pockets with Skookum Apples before I started and when old Argus got his hundred eyes on them—he didn't give a growl for his old gold apples—said there wasn't a good bite in a carload.

"Between you and me I don't know why Juno ever wanted to send me for golden apples anyhow, when she could have had real Skookum apples from the Wenatchee-Okanogan country—but of course it made a good publicity story."

SKOOKUM PACKERS ASSOCIATION
Growers of Washington Boxed Apples in the Wenatchee-
Okanogan District, State of Washington

NORTHWESTERN FRUIT EXCHANGE
Exclusive Sales Agents
WENATCHEE, WASHINGTON

Skookum

Apples





Sometimes husbands must be mothered

"STRICTLY between ourselves, Alice, sometimes the only way to handle these obstinate men is to treat them as you do a child—simply give them what's good for them.

"For instance, I knew that coffee at dinner was keeping John awake, but he just talked about business strain and refused to admit that coffee affected him at all.

"Finally I asked Uncle Walter, who is a nerve specialist, about it. Uncle Walter said to give John Kaffee Hag Coffee. 'He won't notice any difference,' he said, 'but it won't hurt him.' The caffeine is taken out of it."

"Well, my dear, I did it, and John never noticed the change. But after a week he began to notice that his sleep had improved, and remarked on it. Then I told him the reason. Now we're never going to have anything but Kaffee Hag Coffee again."

Try Kellogg's* Kaffee Hag Coffee yourself. It is *real* coffee, with 97% of the drug caffeine removed. You will delight in its flavor and cheer at every meal and it will not affect sleep or nerves.

Served by hotels, dining-cars, restaurants everywhere. Sold by all dealers in vacuum-sealed cans that preserve freshness. Steel cut or in the bean. Order a can today. Or mail the coupon for a generous sample.

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. 1946, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag Coffee to make ten good cups. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).
(Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

Name _____

Address _____



KAFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

(Continued from Page 28)

creatures. And as for success, my lad, it was coming to me in chunks at that time."

"You were a writer?" asked Dacey.

"An artist. I have illustrated the work of authors who would not stoop to read the silly twaddle of John Dacey. The demand for my pictures was so great that I could not supply it. Then I met this woman, and—by the way, were you going to give that dollar for this story, or am I supposed to tell it for nothing?"

Dacey laid the silver dollar in the extended, grimy paw. Never, he reflected, had he made a more promising investment. His story-writing instinct told him that the critic of the park bench would furnish him with material for five thousand words in the *Literary Barometer* at ten cents a word.

"Go on," he urged.

The bum went on. The story fell from his lips in a dull monotone, somewhat haltingly, redolent with palpable fabrication and prohibition whisky.

A very few seconds of it showed Dacey the folly of his investment. It was an old yarn he had bought, the old, old tale of the genius and the gold-digger who had dragged him down. It was even embellished, at the end, with the ancient Face-On-The-Bar-Room-Floor flourish when the derelict dragged forth the stub of a pencil and sketched the cause of his downfall on the back of Dacey's notebook. Dacey heaved a sigh of relief when the thing was finished and his malodorous friend had staggered away in search of another drink. For it was almost five o'clock of a beautiful May evening, and presently Janette would come.

At five she came, tripping daintily along in her new spring costume of pink and white, surely one of the loveliest of God's creatures. But, for the first time since they had met, her lover was so utterly absorbed that he failed to notice her approach.

Pouting, she circled to a vantage point from which she could peer over his shoulder, to find him staring at a penciled portrait on the back of his notebook.

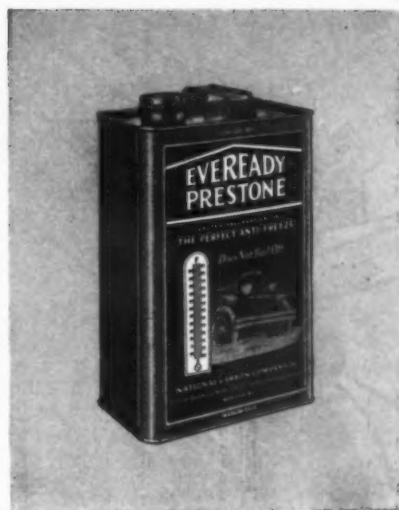
A little gurgle of delight escaped her as she glimpsed it, an incongruous ripple of pleasure that grated harshly on Dacey's nerves.

"John, dear!" she cried. "Why didn't you ever tell me you were an artist? Look at that darling sketch you've made of me! Isn't it just too perfect for words?"

Two youths were ejected from an American cinema for laughing too much during a comedy film. One of them must have told the other a funny story, or something. —Humorist.

"GET CAUGHT IN THE SKY WITH A FROZEN MOTOR?"

NOT ME! NOT WHILE THERE'S EVEREADY PRESTONE!"



Eveready Prestone does not contain any alcohol or glycerine.

9 POINTS OF SUPERIORITY

- 1 Gives complete protection.
- 2 Does not boil off.
- 3 Positively will not damage cooling system.
- 4 Will not heat up a motor.
- 5 Circulates freely at the lowest operating temperatures.
- 6 Will not affect paint, varnish or lacquer finishes.
- 7 Non-inflammable.
- 8 Odorless.
- 9 Economical—one filling lasts all winter.



Thoroughly tested and 100% approved by the American Automobile Association.

EVEREADY PRESTONE

(TRADE-MARK REG.)
FOR PREPARATION OF THE
PERFECT ANTI-FREEZE



CHARLES K. LANDER, Air Operations Manager of the Wichita Flying School, is author of that remark. He says, "We are using the perfect anti-freeze in our ships for the second season. We take every precaution possible to guarantee the safety of our students."

If your car had wings, you would feel the same way about winter protection, because Eveready Prestone provides, with one supply, the surest kind of safeguard against freezing. It possesses all the properties which the National Bureau of Standards has pointed out as essential for an anti-freeze. This ideal anti-freeze is absolutely certain, harmless, completely

trustworthy, and over a season's use proves to be a very economical investment in winter insurance.

Eveready Prestone contains no alcohol or glycerine. It is always sold in pure, undiluted form, and is so efficient in its protection that one to two gallons are sufficient for most cars.

Many thousands of motorists are enthusiastic users of Eveready Prestone. It is endorsed by many automobile manufacturers and bus and truck fleet operators. It is used by the U. S. Army and Navy air forces, and by Commander Byrd in the Antarctic.

To give your car this same sure protection, have the cooling

system serviced before anti-freeze is added. Radiator and water-jacket should be clean. All connections tight. All accumulated rust and scale flushed out. Be sure there is not the slightest leak anywhere — then add water and one supply of Eveready Prestone, and you can forget freezing worries all winter. The nearest garage, automobile supply store, filling station or hardware store will serve you today.

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC.
General Offices: New York, N. Y.

Branches: Chicago Kansas City
New York San Francisco

Unit of **UCC** and Carbon Corporation
Union Carbide



JOY-RIDES

EVERY shave is a joy-ride when you lather with Squibb's Shaving Cream.

For Squibb's starts off shaving so thoroughly and so smoothly that the razor just coasts through the beard—easily and pleasantly. And, always, Squibb's leaves you with a fine, fresh face.

You'll like Squibb's Shaving Cream for its clean-cut work—you'll like it for its mellow comfort. Buy a tube tonight. Any drug store will supply you. The price is very reasonable—40c for a large tube.

© 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons



A SHAVING CREAM BY SQUIBB

Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 26)

DOME, 52 W. 8th. Greenwich Village night club life. Von Grona and Bouvier, Blanche Fleming. C.\$1. S.\$1.50. H.Frank. SWIG. \$4.00.

LES AMBASSADEURS, 50th and Broadway. Clayton, Jackson and Durante, enough said. C.\$3.00. S.\$4.00. H.Louis. SWIG.\$4.00. S.\$4.50.

LIDO, 7th Ave. at 52nd. Very ritzy. Moss and Fontana. * C.\$4. H.Maraschino.

MONTMARTE, 50th & B'way. Very nice and always has been. * C.\$3.

ROOSEVELT GRILL, Roosevelt Hotel. Nice place. C.\$2.

ST. REGIS SEAGLADE, 5th Ave. at 55th. Swell. C.\$4.

TROCADERO, 35 E. 53rd. Formerly Heigh-Ho and just about the same. * C.\$3.

VILLA VALLEE, 10 E. 60. Where Rudy is supposed to hang out. * C.\$3.

COTTON CLUB, Lenox Ave. at 142. Ditto Harlem fun. Ditto same prices.

Records

IF YOU'RE IN LOVE YOU'LL WALTZ,
YOU'RE ALWAYS IN MY ARMS
Bebe Daniels, movie actress, sings two numbers charmingly. (Victor)

SWANEE SHUFFLE
S'hot stuff.
I GOTTA HAVE YOU
A nice little tune. (Columbia)

TURN ON THE HEAT
Not necessary with this tune around.
WHAT WOULDN'T I DO FOR THAT MAN
Blues. (Columbia)

YOU WANT LOVIN', BUT I WANT LOVE,
LONELY TROUBADOUR
C'est tres bon, Monsieur Vallee. (Victor)

Sheet Music

"Bottoms Up" (Scandals)
"There Was Nothing Else To Do" (No Show)
"Black Beauty" (No Show)
"Great Day" (Great Day)
"Ship Without a Sail" (Me For You)
"June Moon" (June Moon)

In most Eastern countries, we read, women are discarding their veils in order to be like Western women. They'll have to discard considerably more than that. —Humorist.

LIFE expects to publish its usual DOG CALENDAR this year, at the usual price of one dollar a copy, to be ready about the middle of November. When preparing your holiday list, don't forget the DOG CALENDAR; it always makes such an acceptable gift!

Orders entered now will be filled as soon as published.

LIFE'S Ticket Service

*We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

*If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

Good seats are available for attractions above indicated by stars and at prices noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET-SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to send two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats asked for. Any excess amount will be refunded.

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded by return mail.

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

NO ORDERS TAKEN FOR MATINEES.

No money refunded on orders without seven days' notice.

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE 598 Madison Ave., New York City Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show)

(No. Seats)

(Date)

(Alternates)

(Name)

(Address)

Check for \$..... Enclosed

LOOK

FOR GREAT THINGS IN KOLSTER



K-43 Handsome cabinet with doors of figured butt walnut and two-tone panels. Seven tubes and rectifier. Selector tuner. Equipoised dynamic reproducer. Screen grid tubes. Push-pull amplification with two type 345 tubes. Price, less tubes **\$175**

"...but Mary, why take a chance with an ordinary set—why not get a Kolster? We can buy one now for \$175!"

"Really?"

"Why, of course! Haven't you heard? The demand for Kolsters has been so tremendous, the Company is offering a new model at only \$175!"

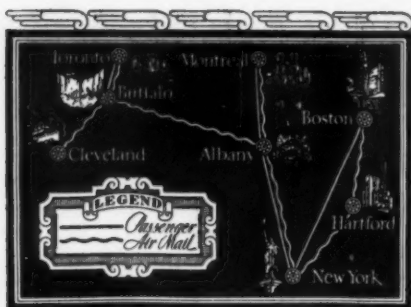
"Well, that settles that problem!"

Enjoy the Kolster Program every Wednesday Evening at 10 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, over the nation-wide Columbia Chain.

THAT'S an invitation — cordially given — and that's a *promise*, too! For the minute you say to your dealer, "Show me the new Kolster for 1930!" you're asking for a new experience in radio!... for screen grid tubes tested and proved by Kolster engineers!... for selectivity so fine, so true, every sound but the station you want is barred out completely!... for a cabinet so handsome, so distinguished you're proud to display it in your home! ▲▲▲ These are the things you actually see and hear! Now ask a Kolster owner for his opinion! Now discover why neighbor after neighbor, wherever you go, says with enthusiasm, "*Kolster is a fine set!*" And THEN you'll know why this year we say, "Look for great things!" For the Kolster of 1930 is the *greatest* of all Kolster Radios!

SCREEN
GRID

KOLSTER RADIO



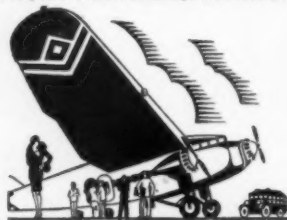
A MILLION Miles of AIR WAY OPERATION-

SINCE 1926, Colonial pilots, Colonial planes, have flown over a million miles in passenger and mail transportation.

Colonial is a pioneer in making the AIRway a recognized mode of travel. Colonial planes fly Air Mail Route No. 1.

Operating more than 2,000 miles of organized airways, Colonial is a unit in the Aviation Corporation, on whose combined airways more than 20,000 miles are flown daily.

When you travel Colonial a great organization speeds you to your destination on schedule—makes every provision for your comfort, safety, convenience.



COLONIAL AIRWAYS

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NEW YORK . BOSTON

Two planes daily — transportation to airports — steward service en route. Flying time, 1 hour, 45 minutes. Colonial Air Transport, Inc., 80 Federal St., Boston — 270 Madison Ave., N. Y.

NEW YORK . MONTREAL

Daily service each way, via Albany — cabin planes. 4 hours to Montreal. Canadian Colonial Airways, Inc., 270 Madison Ave., N. Y. — Mt. Royal Hotel, Montreal.

BUFFALO . TORONTO

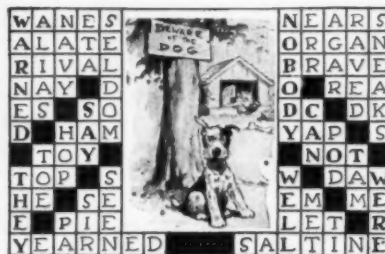
Daily service — except Sunday — comfortable cabin planes — one hour each way. Colonial Western Airways, Inc., Rand Bldg., Buffalo.

Colonial Flying Service

— in the territories served by the Colonial Airways, maintain flying schools and distribute Fairchild, Challenger, Fleet and Fitch planes. Complete maintenance, repair and service facilities are operated at every important airport on the Colonial System and special charter and passenger flights are carried out to and from all recognized airports.

[Write or Phone nearest Office for Information or Literature]

Winners of LIFE'S Cross Word Picture Puzzle No. 7



"Well, nobody can say they were not warned."

1st Prize of \$50.00 won by

Douglas H. Benson,
7714 Brashear St.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Trouble threatens to occur.

2nd Prize of \$25.00 won by

Lillian Egerton,
1434 Plaisance Ct.,
Chicago, Ill.

"Doubling in brass."

3rd Prize of \$15.00 won by

Mrs. Fred O. Mitchell,
1018 Eight Street,
Huntington, W. Va.

"Believe it or not, that means me!"

4th Prize of \$10.00 won by

Joseph W. Smith, Jr.,
Fort Wood,
Bedloes Island, N. Y.

"Sinbad understudies a bad actor."

Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters on half Grape Fruit, a delightful breakfast tonic. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Answers To Anagrams

Continued from page 10

- (1.) Prunes.
- (2.) Poison.
- (3.) Triplets.
- (4.) Shoppe.
- (5.) Protest.
- (6.) Secret.

In these
Champagneless
Days

Apollinaris

is the gayest bubbly drink
with which to grace
your table

"The Queen of Table Waters"

Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co.
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York

"Sir, I would like to marry your daughter."

"Certainly not!"

"Why, what's wrong with her?"

—Pearson's.

CROWN LAVENDER SMELLING SALTS



At home, at the theatre, while shopping or traveling, or if you find yourself in stuffy rooms or crowded places, the pungent fragrance of Crown Lavender Smelling Salts clears the brain, steadies the nerves, counteracts faintness and weariness. It is invigorating—a delight and comfort. Sold everywhere. Schieffelin & Co., 16-26 Cooper Square, New York.



To Carry
and Serve
Cigarettes

The Ejector way is the modern way. Delivers a smoke firm, fresh, uncrumpled at a press of your thumb.

It's the safe way—prevents contamination from extra handling of cigarettes; it's the economical way—stops cigarette waste.

You're proud to show the Ejector in any company, and to give one to any man. Always it implies the good taste of the user, the correct and thoughtful judgment of the giver.

Write enclosing price if your dealer cannot supply you.

LYONS MFG. CO.
Dept. C4, Mt. Carmel, Conn.
EJECTOR
The Perfect One Hand
CIGARETTE CASE

Colorful
Enamels \$6.00

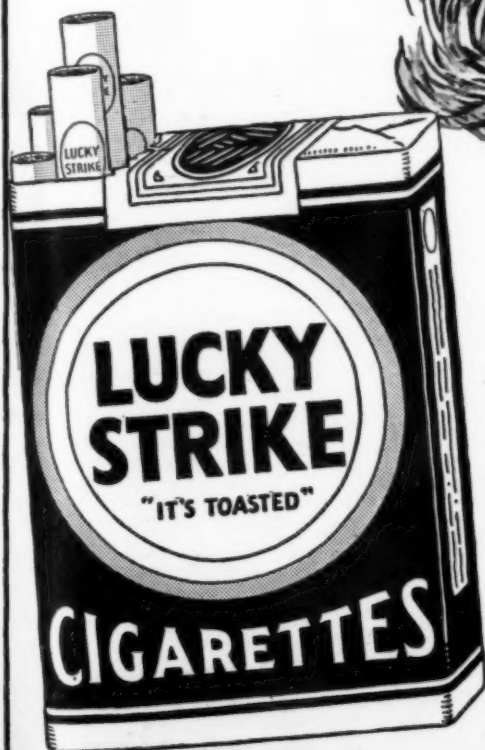
Model "C" \$1.50

Model "C50" \$3.00

AN ANCIENT PREJUDICE HAS BEEN REMOVED



AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE has cultivated the fertile field of opportunity and invites everyone to roam in search of desired pursuits. Nothing remains of that ancient prejudice which bound the apprentice, without choice, to his career.



"TOASTING DID IT"—

Gone is that ancient prejudice against cigarettes —Progress has been made. We removed the prejudice against cigarettes when we removed from the tobaccos harmful corrosive ACRIDS (pungent irritants) present in cigarettes manufactured in the old-fashioned way. Thus "TOASTING" has destroyed that ancient prejudice against cigarette smoking by men and by women.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

Puzzle No. 12

LIFE'S

Cross Word

Picture Puzzles

\$100.00 in Prizes

Every Week

1st Prize \$50.00

2nd Prize \$25.00

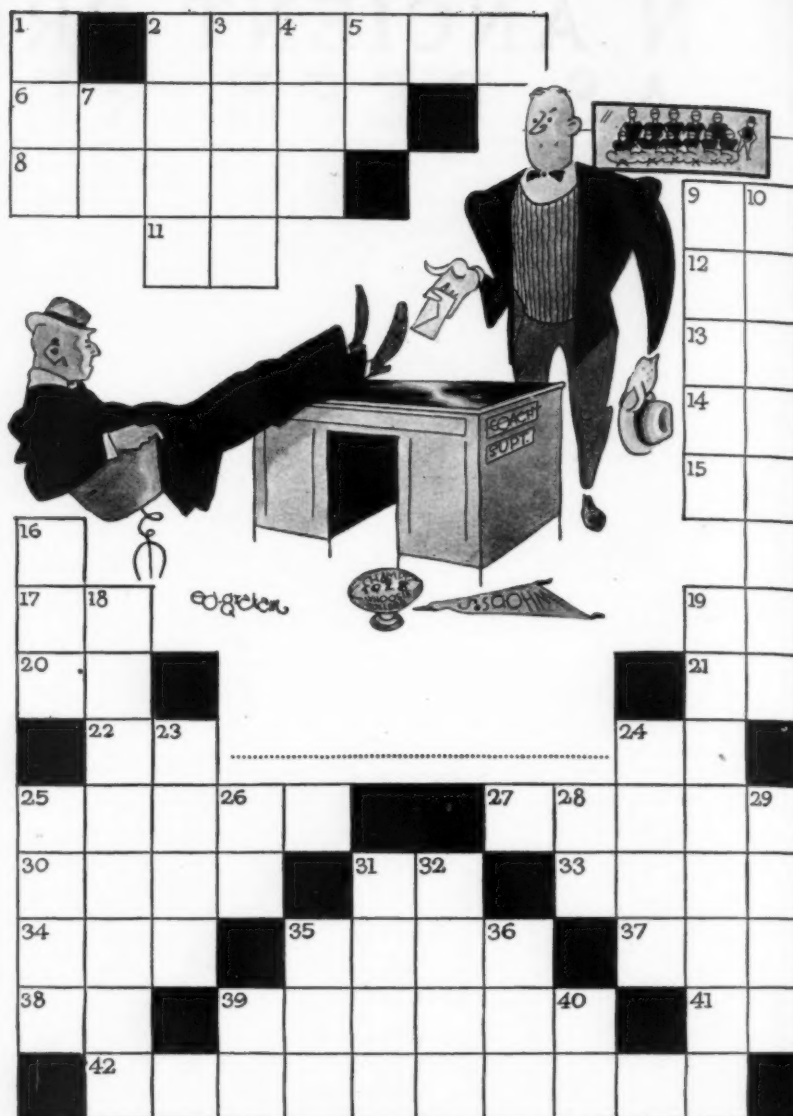
3rd Prize \$15.00

4th Prize \$10.00

LIFE will run a new cross word picture puzzle each week. After you have solved the puzzle see if you can find the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle.

After you have solved the puzzle and gotten the correct title for the picture, give your explanation of the joke in not more than fifteen words.

The Editors of LIFE will be the judges and the prizes will be awarded to the persons giving the correct solution of the puzzle, the correct title for the picture, and the cleverest explanation of the joke. In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying contestant. You may send in as many puzzles as you wish but none will be returned. The prize-winning solutions will be printed in subsequent issues. Send all puzzles to the Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York. *This week's contest closes, LIFE Office, noon, November 15.*



Winners of this Puzzle will appear in the Dec. 6 issue.

HORIZONTAL

2. You might find help here.
6. A cheering sound.
8. Compound of ether.
9. A big little word.
11. A point on the compass.
12. Greek letter.
13. More than one. (abbr.)
14. This goes over your head.
15. No woman wants to put this on. (abbr.)
17. Masculine pronoun.
19. Master of ceremonies. (abbr.)
20. Printer's measure.
21. A sign of approval.
22. Kipling wrote a poem about this little word.
24. Thoroughfare. (abbr.)
25. What people do who get along well.
27. What even nice people take.
30. A high-flier could do this to get back to earth.

31. He brings the dough-boys to attention. (abbr.)
33. Every man's first love.
34. This is a hold-up.
35. A very disrespectful answer.
37. More or less domestic animals.
38. You must watch out if you cross this. (abbr.)
39. This is divine.
41. A mark of demerit.
42. This means work.

VERTICAL

1. A definite article.
2. It takes craft to do anything with these.
3. What Topsy said she did.
4. You can use this at the movies nowadays.
5. A northeastern state. (abbr.)
7. You and me.

9. What a bouncer will do to a drunk.
10. They're always trying to down this fellow.
16. Definite article.
18. One way to get away from Prohibition.
19. What Gilda Gray is noted for.
23. This indicates removal or separation.
26. Epistle. (abbr.)
28. I am. (A contraction.)
29. What the chorus-girl did in the Follies.
31. You don't want to bet on this kind of horse.
32. This fellow didn't like George Washington.
35. The best friend of all.
36. This is coming down for the winter.
39. European country. (abbr.)
40. Prefix, down.

With most advantages of cars at triple its price

FORCE-FEED LUBRICATION
SILENT TIMING CHAIN
SEMI-ELLIPTIC SPRINGS
TIMKEN BEARINGS

BIG 4-WHEEL BRAKES
EXTRA LONG WHEELBASE
OVERSIZE BALLOON TIRES
INVAR-STRUT PISTONS

OTHER IMPORTANT POINTS of Whippet excellence include outstanding beauty of line, color and finish; larger bodies with roomier interiors; more frame cross members for greater strength and rigidity; completely re-designed steering mechanism—full worm and gear type—that makes Whippet instantly responsive to your

effortless directing; "Finger-Tip Control;" higher compression engine for more speed, power and pick-up; remarkable operating economy resulting from dependable performance and low consumption of gas and oil. The new Superior Whippet is the only car to offer *all* these features at such startlingly low prices—in both the Four and Six classes.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

NEW SUPERIOR

WHIPPET

FOURS AND SIXES



THE 6 SEDAN
with 7-Bearing Crankshaft

\$785

Coupe \$725; Coupe \$695; Coupe (with rumble seat) \$725; De Luxe Sedan \$850; Sport De Luxe Roadster \$850 (with rumble seat and extras)
1½-Ton Truck Chassis \$645.



Well Bred

Horsemen have a saying that "blood will tell," and the same principle applies to most of the good things of life... good clothes, good manners, good society, and good tobacco. . . . For the essence of all fine breeding lies in a capacity for selection. And the delicacy and mellow fragrance which are so characteristic of Camel Cigarettes are the result of one of the most painstaking processes of selection in the world.

